

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cowper.



RALPH DRAPER'S CONFESSION TO THE RECTOR.

## RALPH DRAPER;

OR, THE BLIGHT OF COVETOUSNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANK LATTON," "THE CITY AHEAD," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—RALPH DRAPER.

It was on the fourth day after the interview recorded in the last chapter, that Mr. Vivian once more took his way to the lodging-house, anxious to redeem the time which had been lost, and to ascer-

tain more satisfactorily to himself, if this might be, the state of mind of the interesting invalid who was, as he feared, rapidly approaching the confines of life.

He was disappointed, however. Miss Draper was worse, he was told—very much exhausted; and her physician had enjoined entire quiet and avoidance of all excitement. Mr. Vivian returned, therefore, distressed in mind, and more than ever reproach-

ing himself that he had been led away on his former visit from the subject of the greatest importance, to speak of inferior matters.

In this mood the rector reached his home; and in this mood he shut himself in his study, determined no longer to delay communicating to Frank Eveleigh the particulars of his previous visit.

Evening came, and found him thus employed; and when he laid down his pen, he was surprised that the shadows of night were so deeply thrown across the scene.

At that moment he was startled by the loud ringing of his bell, and then by an announcement that a gentleman sought speech with him.

Replenishing his fire, which had burned low, and directing lights to be brought, he requested that the visitor, whoever he might be, should be shown into his study. This was done.

The visitor was a stranger to Mr. Vivian. He was elderly; his years might have been set down as between fifty and sixty, but probably nearer to the latter age. His brow was wrinkled, his eye restless and troubled, and a pallor marked the parchment-looking skin of his countenance, which told, perhaps, of mental disquietude and unaccustomed emotions. His costume had nothing particular to distinguish it, but it was that of a person in the high-middle, or perhaps a still higher class of life. To this description it may be added that there was a nervous twitching of the hand and fingers of this visitor, which were rather delicately formed and white, which might have indicated the frequent use of the pen.

The visitor was the first to speak after Mr. Vivian had courteously invited him to be seated. His manner was abrupt, though not disrespectful.

"You have visited my daughter, Mr. Vivian," said he.

"Sir, I do not—I have not the—" the rector began to say, but he was interrupted by the impatient stranger:—

"True: I did not give my name to the servant below, nor my card: I preferred not to do so. My name, sir, is Draper—Ralph Draper."

Mr. Vivian bowed, and apologized, rather unnecessarily perhaps, for his ignorance. Yes, he added; he had once—a few days since—visited Miss Draper.

"I know it. I think, if I have understood aright, you have met Miss Draper before, sir."

"It is many years since I had that pleasure," said Mr. Vivian, in a courteous but reserved tone: "under far different circumstances," he added.

Something like a groan escaped Ralph Draper's lips. "Far different," he repeated; and then he checked himself.

"I did not come to speak of this," he said; "and I do not want to be pitied. I have understood from Grace—from my daughter, I should say—that you are acquainted with Mr. Eveleigh—that you were an old friend of Mark Eveleigh the banker, the young man's father."

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Vivian, warmly: "Mr. Eveleigh—the late Mr. Eveleigh—was my generous benefactor and preserver. I am proud to say, also, that he admitted me to his friendship. His son I know also. He is——"

"Tush!" exclaimed Mr. Draper hastily, and almost angrily. "Pardon me," he added, as though recalled to a sense of his unpoliteness; "I am in trouble, Mr. Vivian, and your words—yes, yes, Frank Eveleigh is everything his friends could desire him to be, no doubt. You are aware that my acquaintance with him was of older date and longer standing than your own, I dare say."

"I presume it to have been so," said the rector, mildly.

"Well, sir, it was not of the Eveleighs I came hither to speak, though it was necessary to mention their names. I believe you are aware," Ralph Draper continued, "that there was a—a—a sort of engagement between Mr. Francis Eveleigh and my daughter."

"Which was suddenly broken off," added Mr. Vivian.

"Which was suddenly broken off," repeated the visitor. "Right; I wished to be assured of this knowledge from your own lips, Mr. Vivian: it clears the way, and will save words. Now listen, sir. I am a miserable man."

"Your daughter's illness being the cause, Mr. Draper," said Mr. Vivian, when his visitor, abrupt in his movements as in his speech—very different from the calm collected manner described in the earlier part of this history as characterizing him—rose from his seat, and paced the room in restless agitation.

"My daughter's illness! Yes, sir, my daughter, for whom I have toiled! The only being left in this world to love me! And she, of all things else, to be taken! You tell your hearers, when you preach to them, that God is merciful."

"Yes, sir; merciful and gracious and full of compassion; a God delighting in mercy, sir. It is my happiness not only to proclaim this—to preach it, as you perhaps, sir, would say, professionally—but to believe, to know, to feel it, as a plain and sacred and most precious truth. It is because his mercies fail not that we are not consumed."

"I will not dispute it, sir," returned Mr. Draper, coldly; "but if you had an only child——"

"I have stood by the dying beds of four children, sir," said the Christian minister, softly; "and I am childless now—childless and wifeless."

"I waste time," said the visitor to himself, as he impatiently trod the carpet. "I did not know," he added aloud, "that I was touching a tender string; once more I ask you to forgive me, Mr. Vivian," he continued, seating himself. "I told you I was miserable, and I tell you truly that if all I possess in the world could restore my daughter to perfect health, it should go."

"I can well understand that, sir; and though you do not wish to be pitied—that also I can partly understand—I may surely sympathize in your distress. But it may be, sir, that God has other designs than the bereavement you fear. Miss Draper is, undoubtedly, very ill; but the sickness may not be unto death. Change of air and scene, with medical skill, may yet, by the Divine blessing, be instrumental in her restoration to health."

"Do you think so, Mr. Vivian?" demanded the visitor, eagerly. "You have had—you must have

had—experience in such cases; at least, you must have observed. But no," he added, gloomily, "you say this only to soothe me; and I do not wish to be soothed. Listen, sir: I have spoken to my daughter's medical attendants; and—" The speaker broke off here, and groaned in bitterness of spirit.

"And they give you no hope, sir?" asked the rector, very deeply moved by the father's agony.

"They give me *one* hope, sir," returned Mr. Draper, with a strong effort: "they tell me that my daughter's malady is mental, more than bodily; that long distress, occasioned by some secret grief, has brought her to the state in which you, sir, have seen her; and that if this trouble could be removed, nature might rally. I tell you what these persons say, Mr. Vivian, rather than the express terms they use."

"I am not greatly surprised at what you tell me, sir," said Mr. Vivian: "I have, as you say, had some experience or observation; and I am disposed to believe that the mind often has much to do with bodily ailments."

"And you think it may be so with my daughter, sir?"

"The physicians say so, by your report, Mr. Draper; and I should be very presumptuous indeed if I were to question the correctness of their views," replied Mr. Vivian, with some degree of reserve.

"And probably you think, sir," continued Mr. Draper, quickly and somewhat sharply, "that you have the key to this mysterious and secret trouble which has so long preyed on my daughter's mind?"

"Pardon me, sir," said Mr. Vivian, a little moved: "I do not know why you should question me thus, nor do I see to what good end this conversation can tend. Believe me, I sympathize with you in your trouble, sir; and if, by any poor effort or exertion of mine, I could—"

"You can help me, Mr. Vivian; at least, I am inclined to hope that you can; or I would not have intruded upon you. You think—you believe—that you know the primary cause—the mental cause of Grace's illness, sir: you believe it to be the disappointment of an early engagement to your friend Eveleigh, and remorse at having herself terminated that engagement, perhaps from her own inconstancy, perhaps from motives of obedience. You are mistaken, sir: penetrating as you may think yourself, you are altogether mistaken. This is not her secret trouble."

The clergyman was silent. Perhaps he did not like the tone of his visitor, which, at this point, had become almost querulous, and would have seemed entirely so, but for the strong current of feeling which pleaded in its excuse. It may be, however, that Mr. Vivian waited to hear more of this strange and almost incoherent conference, in hope of light breaking in upon him, to guide him to a right and wise reply. Meanwhile, the strong emotions of the visitor amounted to agony. As he exclaimed, "*This is not her secret trouble*," he covered his face with his hands and leaned forward, and, resting on the table before him, sobbed audibly. This paroxysm lasted only for a few moments; but when he again

raised himself, and removed his hands, all other thoughts and feelings in Mr. Vivian's mind gave way to compassion. The countenance of his visitor was indeed composed, as though by a powerful effort, but spread over it was a dark ashy hue; his eyes were wild and bloodshot, and his lips were rigid and deadly white. Mr. Vivian would have spoken then; but the visitor imposed silence by a word and a look.

"Do not interrupt me, sir, or I shall go mad," he said, sternly. "Listen to me, while I have power to speak—I will not linger over my miserable story—and then tell me in a word whether you spurn me from your door, as the wretch that I am; or whether you will stretch out a hand to help—not me—but poor Grace."

#### CHAPTER X.—RALPH DRAPER'S CONFESSION.

"You know," said Mr. Draper, addressing Mr. Vivian, and speaking in low and measured tones, which contrasted forcibly with his previous abrupt manner, and which told how great was the effort he made for self-control—"you have long known, as I understand from my daughter, the circumstances which led to the sudden termination of her engagement with Francis Eveleigh. Do not speak, sir," he added, "or I will not answer for being able to tell you what I wish you to hear. It is sufficient that I assume that knowledge. You think, too, that this engagement was broken off by my daughter. It is false."

"Pardon me, Mr. Draper," said Mr. Vivian, hastily; "I will not interrupt you unnecessarily; but it is better for me to be open and explicit. I have heard from my friend Frank Eveleigh the painful particulars of his last interview with yourself; and I have seen the handwriting which at one blow destroyed his hopes."

"See how wise men may be gulled!" said the visitor, bitterly. "And so, because you have seen certain black strokes on a piece of white paper, you believe yourself warranted in inflicting your judgment on one who may yet be as innocent as yourself of wrong, in thought, word, or deed against your friend! Have you never heard of such a crime as *forgery*, Mr. Vivian?"

"**FORGERY?**" exclaimed the rector, starting with amazement.

"Forgery, sir," repeated Mr. Draper, in a husky tone. "That note was not written by Grace Draper; at that time she knew nothing of it. It was this hand"—and the wretched father held out his own—"that prepared the trap; and Frank Eveleigh, unsuspecting fool that he was, fell into it. Grace discovered it afterwards; but my purpose was gained."

Mr. Vivian remained silent. It was well, perhaps, that he did not give words to the horror and indignation which this revelation of baseness stirred up in his mind: but now was made plain to him the incoherence, and embarrassment, and distress of the poor victim of this deceit and crime, which had so perplexed him a few days before. And when he thought of her sufferings when she had made discovery of the wrong perpetrated upon herself, and the weight of this guilty secret, which filial affection forbade her to make known, pressing on her mind

for so many years, he was at no loss to conceive that the sagacity of medical science had pointed out the seat of her disease—mental anxiety and corroding care. And then, doubtless, the detestation he felt at the sin thus confessed gave way in part to pity for the sinner himself, now tasting of the fruit of his own doings.

The unhappy man before him had spoken of the object of his deceit as "an unsuspecting fool." "Vile misappropriation of the derisive epithet!" thought Mr. Vivian: "it is the guilty actor in earth's tragedies, such as this, to whom the name applies! He made a pit, and digged it, and is fallen into it himself. His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate."

Mr. Vivian had time to think all this, for his visitor was for some moments silent. When he spoke again, his voice had regained something of its former hard and bitter tone.

"You think me a scoundrel, sir," said he; "and it may be that I am. My design, at all events, is not to justify myself, but to tell a plain tale for a plain purpose. My daughter's life *must* be saved if it can be; and every consideration must give place to that."

"You would ask me," continued Ralph Draper, speaking more rapidly, "why I was so resolved to terminate the engagement between my daughter and your friend, and why I resorted to such means to attain my end? As to the first question, it is enough to say that Frank Eveleigh was a ruined man, and that overtures for my daughter's hand had been made to me from another quarter, which, if that result could have been brought about, would have added to the influence, and wealth, and power which I already possessed. There might be other reasons; but it matters not speaking of them: it is enough that my mind was made up to crush the hopes of one who, whether with or without a cause, I disliked and feared.

"But why resort to such means? I did not until I had tried every other. I had tried arguments and persuasions, commands and threats, unavailingly. Your friend Frank Eveleigh—honourable as you say he is—was determined to receive no dismissal except from my daughter; and Grace was infatuated and obstinate. I had not calculated on this. I knew, or I thought I knew, that her character was soft and yielding; and I reckoned on her obedience. I was mistaken."

The unhappy man said this with a degree of irritation (as though stung afresh by the remembrance of a wrong) which even the knowledge of his daughter's present unhappy state could not control, and which betrayed the harshness and determination with which he had endeavoured to compass his designs.

"I was mistaken," he repeated with strong emphasis. "Day after day I plied Grace with arguments; but she was inflexible. She would obey me, so far as this—that if I chose to sever the tie between her and her betrothed, for no other reason than that Providence had frowned on him, only to bring out his integrity and uprightness in brighter relief—these were her words, sir, and I repeat

them, that you may form your own judgment upon them—she would submit; and further, if I chose to forbid the union, she would obey. But to turn against one whom she loved and admired all the more for the trials through which he had passed, and while he was smarting under them, this she would not, because she could not, do. And when I spoke of another lover, and brilliant prospects unfolding before her, if she would only be guided by my directions, she declared her utter abhorrence of the proposal, as though I had hinted at the commission of a high crime against Heaven.

"It was very soon after such a discussion, sir, that your friend presented himself at my house, and at that moment my resolution was formed that the decision should then be made, and that it should be final and irrevocable. I knew that I could not compel Grace to write at my dictation; but I knew also that I could closely imitate her handwriting, or any other person's, after brief study and practice (it was an art on which I prided myself); and I shut myself in my room, and prepared the note on which you, sir, have founded your opinion of my daughter."

"What a wretched man you must be, sir," exclaimed Mr. Vivian, no longer able to restrain his feelings; "but it is well that, at the last, you repent—"

"I have not said that I repent, sir," rejoined the visitor. "I do not repent; that is, I do not repent according to what I suppose would be your notions of repentance. Who dares say that I was not justified in—but I will not argue that point. I hold, however, that the end justified the means; and that end would have been attained, for I had convinced my daughter that Frank Eveleigh had yielded to my arguments and commands. I say that end would have been attained if a spy who, for anything I can tell, was in your friend's pay—"

"Hold, sir!" said Mr. Vivian in a voice of command and dignity; "reveal as much as you please of your own dishonour, and excuse it as you may; but you must not breathe to me a syllable against the honour and integrity of my friend."

"His honour and integrity are matters of perfect indifference to me, only that I am sick of hearing of them," said Ralph Draper rather contemptuously, in spite of his distress; "but it shall be as you please. All I meant to say was, that, months afterwards, and when Grace was in a fair way of forgetting her recreant lover, and might have followed my lead, and become the wife of a gentleman of wealth and title, a meddling servant-woman, who had been eaves-dropping, and watching, and listening, it seemed, all the time of my conference with young Eveleigh, betrayed my secret to her mistress, or so much of it that I was compelled to avow boldly what, for her sake, I had done."

"And then?—"

"And then, sir," repeated Ralph Draper, passionately, "from that day my poor Grace began to droop and decline. The blow fell upon her heart, sir; her spirit was wounded; she began to look upon me as her enemy and destroyer; worse than

this, as dishonoured and disgraced beyond redemption. Let me do her justice"—and as the unhappy man went on, his whole manner seemed changed, his harsh and defiant tone died away, and it appeared as though, under compulsion, he was pleading the cause of his daughter against himself. "Grace never reproached me by look, word, or sign. In all the years that have passed since that discovery was made to her, of what you are at liberty to term my baseness, she has clung to me with stronger affection even than before. But her heart is broken, sir; time has not healed the wound. You have seen what she is now; you remember what she once was; and I come to you, Mr. Vivian, partly because you are not an entire stranger, partly because report speaks favourably of you, and, more than all besides, because my daughter permits me to do so; not for pity and compassion—I tell you, Mr. Vivian, I am a proud man, to whom pity would be an insult—but for help." \*

"Alas! and wherein can I help you, sir?" demanded the clergyman.

"Do you not see?" asked Mr. Draper impatiently; "cannot you understand that the secret knowledge of my—of what you may, if you please, call my—crime, has settled in poor Grace's mind, and cannot be dislodged? that, by her unfortunate privy, she deems herself almost a guilty participator in it? that the remembrance of your friend Eveleigh (and of course she does yet remember him) is rendered cruelly distressing by the knowledge that, in his mind, she herself is associated with all kind of unworthiness?"

"I can understand all this, sir; and yet——"

"I have not yet done, sir," continued the visitor; "the great trouble of Grace is now, not for herself, but for others. She thinks it necessary for my peace of conscience to be reconciled to the man whom there is no doubt she thinks I have injured; and I assume, also, that she thinks it would make Frank Eveleigh happier to think more charitably of her than he does, and at the same time to exercise his Christian forgiveness towards me, sinner as she must in her heart believe me to be. Now, about all this I am profoundly indifferent, as you may see; but I am not indifferent as regards my daughter's life; and if, as the doctors say, there is one hope of saving it, that one thing must be done—I mean the hope must not be thrown away." Saying this, Mr. Draper ceased speaking, and sat gloomily yet anxiously watching the expression of Mr. Vivian's countenance, and waiting his response.

That response came at last. "I believe I understand you, sir, and I will do what you require; only let us perfectly understand each other. I shall make no comment on what you have told me; but say that your object should be attained in the partial restoration of your daughter——"

"Call her back to life, sir, and I lay no restriction and impose no conditions. I promise that I will not interfere; and to prove my sincerity in this, I intend to return home to-morrow. You shall have a clear field, sir; deal as you like with my character; make what confessions you please; it is Grace who

is to be considered now. I trust you, sir," added the visitor, rising and taking his leave.

"Selfish and unprincipled to the last!" murmured Mr. Vivian to himself, when he was once more alone; but his disgust gave way to pity. That night he destroyed the letter which had cost him so much labour, and, in its stead, wrote a short and hasty note, which he himself posted.

## THE FISHERMAN OF NAPLES;

OR, THE STORY OF MASANIELLO.

PART II.

MASANIELLO was at work betimes the next day, dividing his people into companies, and sending orders into all quarters of the city that the inhabitants were to arm. The very women had weapons put into their hands. Word came from the viceroy that he would take off all taxes; Masaniello replied that they would have the privilege granted by Charles v, that no tax should be made without the consent of the Pope, and besides, that the people should nominate the clerk of the market themselves. Great clamour was made for the original document whereby Charles v granted the privilege. One was shown, printed in letters of gold, but it was discovered to be a counterfeit made by the viceroy. The Duke who brought it was nearly torn in pieces by the mob.

Among Masaniello's friends were an old priest named Genovino, and a man named Perrone. They made out a list between them of more than sixty palaces belonging to those who had grown rich on the people. All were burnt, with the splendid furniture, heaps of gold and silver plate, and costly hangings. Round the fires the people shouted, "These goods are our blood." Any one who attempted to keep a single thing for himself was put to death. Such reverence had they for the king himself, that, finding his picture in one of the houses, they carried it up and down the streets, saying, "Let the king live a thousand years, and let the government eternally perish."

The archbishop Filomarini appears throughout as befitting his office, in the character of a peacemaker, and loved and revered by the people. It was not deemed prudent by the viceroy any longer to keep back the true charter of Charles v, and he gave it into the archbishop's hands to read publicly in the cathedral, together with a solemn declaration that he would observe it in every particular, and pardon all offences committed since the insurrection began. It was a popular step, this being done by the mouth of him who was called "the Father of the City."

Five days had now passed; on the sixth the archbishop, who had the same influence with Masaniello as he had with every one else, with some difficulty persuaded him to go and pay the viceroy a visit of state. It was harder work to make him change his old blue fisherman's coat and red cap for attire becoming the great occasion and his present importance. He prevailed, however, and a grand procession set forth for Castello Nuovo: Masaniello on a gallant steed, a

plume of feathers in his hat, dressed out in cloth of silver; his brother Marco by his side, all in cloth of gold; the archbishop in his coach, and fifty armed men attending.

The captain of the viceroy's guard was sent to meet the procession, and when Masaniello reached the gates he turned, and, holding up in the eyes of the wondering, rejoicing multitude the charter of Charles v, cried so that all might hear: "We are free from all taxes! Let us rejoice, and give God thanks with eternal sounds of jubilee. This may appear a dream or a vision, yet you see it is truth. Rejoice, and give God thanks for ever." Pointing to their beloved archbishop, who stood by his side, he reminded them how much they owed to him, "their shepherd." Enthusiasm for both was high; it rose higher for Masaniello still, when he said that five days ago, in the uproar, the viceroy had offered him a bribe of two hundred crowns a month if he would stay it; but he only desired the good of the city, and for himself he would not keep even a nail. He only asked that, when he was dead, they would every one say an "Ave Maria" for his soul. And they all answered, "Yes." Then he spoke of the king, and said, "Now shall he find Naples his most precious crown, for what we give, we will give to himself, and, before, it was drunk up by his officers." He asked the archbishop to give him and the people his blessing; and he, raising his hand, uttered the prayer, "Peace be with you." Perhaps only he who offered it, of all those present, felt its full need for that stormy multitude.

They went in. Such a rabble followed that Masaniello was obliged to order them all out. At the head of the grand staircase they met the weak, timid, crafty, courtly duke coming to receive with all honour the strong, bold, true, sun-burnt fisherman; and the brother Marco staring at them and the fine house, and the peace-maker standing by. The viceroy paid Masaniello many compliments, more prudent than sincere; and Masaniello gave the viceroy many thanks, more civil than well-earned, for what he had done. Then they went out, and stood together on an open balcony in sight of the people, parting the best friends in the world, Masaniello being confirmed in his office of captain-general.

The following day Masaniello put on his old coat again; and he was hitherto so far from being lifted up by his success, that he wished with all his heart he could with his old coat return to his old way of life, saying that he had far less trouble as a fisherman than as captain of the people. He could neither read nor write himself, but he had seven secretaries to help him through with his business. From morning till night he sat at a window of his house that overlooked the market-place, to hear all complaints brought to him, petitions being handed up on the top of pikes. The people half worshipped him; he was modest in his manners and lived simply. No king could desire more power. What money he wanted was raised at once for him who, ten days before, had sold his children's bed to pay a fine. Lest arms should be hidden underneath, he ordered the women to put off their fardingales, and the nobility and clergy

their long flowing robes. All were cast off in a moment. But like most of those who have heard it often, Masaniello so little valued the voice of the people, that he remarked one day, as he was going through the street, that though what he had done was for the good of his countrymen, he knew, when he had brought it about, his head would be cut off and his body dragged about the city.

The Duke of Mantaleone had never forgiven either the mob or its leader for the rough treatment he received when he brought the false charter, and now, finding that Masaniello's old friend Perrone was getting jealous of his power, took him into his confidence. The two formed a plot to murder Masaniello, and when they told the viceroy of their design, he helped it on by large bribes, and encouraged it in every possible way. More than five hundred men were engaged in the affair. Masaniello was in the Carmelite Convent, arranging, with the help of the archbishop, the terms of a general peace, and the place was surrounded. The hired murderers broke into the room and fired at him, but the balls only lodged in his clothes, and he escaped. A hundred and fifty of the conspirators were killed on the spot, including Perrone and the duke's brother.

The exertions of the good archbishop for the restoration of peace at length brought it about. Masaniello and the viceroy had a solemn meeting in the cathedral, where the charter of Charles v was read again before the altar, Masaniello standing on the altar-steps with a naked sword in his hand, until the viceroy had sworn to obey it, and to grant a general pardon. Then the *Te Deum* was sung, and the old walls rang again with the acclamations of the people.

Masaniello now went again in state to visit the viceroy, taking his wife, who was far more set up by her new dignity than he was, and his children, who just before had had no bed to lie on, all dressed out in cloth of gold and silver, in a fine coach. Laughable enough it must have been to see the fisherman and his family in their unaccustomed finery, and probably with dirty faces, entertained with such ceremony by the stately high-bred Spanish duke and duchess. The great lady gave them presents of jewels, and had a sumptuous banquet provided for them. Masaniello had reached the height of his glory.

From this time Masaniello's head began to turn; and instead of the wise, simple-hearted patriot he had shown himself, he acted just like a low and vulgar man who has suddenly come into wealth and power. He was so impertinent to the nobles that he could not be endured. An old gentleman named Spano spoke to him one day in the market-place, and he gave him two slaps on his face; he sent word to the Duke of Caracciolo that he would set fire to his palace and put him to death, because he had not come out of his coach that morning to do him reverence. He commanded the most severe and cruel punishments for light offences, and on a Sunday morning having ordered a great number of persons to be beheaded, the archbishop begged him to put it off, that the holy Sabbath might not be defiled with blood. But even to him he would hardly

listen. He was so suspicious that he would allow none to leave Naples without his permission.

Soon after, he took a ragged company to the castle, "he," says an old chronicle, "having one stocking on and the other off, without band, hat, or sword," and, meeting the viceroy, called for something to eat, and asked him to go with him to Paulilippo, where they might dine together. The viceroy made an excuse, and he and the rabble went off together. Here he threw gold into the sea and made them dive for it; and, having drunk many bottles of wine, that and the heat of the weather (for it was the dog days) made him perfectly frantic. He jumped into the sea to cool himself, and, getting back to the town, sent for a sculptor, whom he commanded to set up inscriptions in marble, all over Naples, in his praise. He could not be suffered to go on in this manner, for he threatened to set the city on fire, and flourished his sword so that people were afraid to go near him. He was got to his own house, which was strongly guarded with soldiers. The next day his chief secretary, Vitale, becoming insolent, had his head cut off by some of the viceroy's party.

It seems that Masaniello became conscious of his own state; for that very day was the festival of the Virgin of Mount Carmel; and while this was going on in the street, before the congregation in the cathedral a sad spectacle took place. Masaniello, his frenzy over, and his mind broken down, made his way into the church, and reached the altar where the archbishop stood to sing mass. Standing there, he gave the archbishop a letter to the viceroy, in which he resigned his power; for, he said, he knew the people were against him now. Then, turning to the assembly, he who had done so much for them piteously begged them not to cast him off. They were, however, unmoved. Presently he fell at the archbishop's feet. Whether it was real repentance not to be repented of we know not, or whether it was the reaction after his fury, we can only tell certainly that, holding a crucifix in his hands, he sadly and humbly accused himself of the sins of his past life, and begged all who heard him to make the like confession for themselves. After this, his words became more foolish, and the archbishop wisely drew him aside, that he might be taken out of the church. It was the last time the people of Naples saw Masaniello alive. Before, when he had stood on the altar-steps, it was to witness the confirming of the liberty he had won, the viceroy himself and the city in his power. A few days had passed, and now, his mind destroyed by what he had done for them, he stood in that very place again and asked their pity, and asked it in vain. And yet that sad and penitent showing of himself seems better than the glad triumphant one. Better for his hearers had it been to act upon his last broken words, than his first eager speech.

Masaniello was lodged in a small chamber opening on the cloisters. Four men were in league with the viceroy, and they, watching their opportunity to put him to death, found him out in the chamber. All fired upon him at once, and he fell on the floor, exclaiming, "Ah! ungrateful traitors!" So

Masaniello died. But the people were not content. A butcher came and chopped off his head, which was carried up and down the streets on a lance. As he had himself foretold, his body was dragged through the gutters. Not one moved a finger to save it from such indignities. All made haste to conciliate the viceroy, and a deputation was sent to congratulate him on the death of the tyrant. We may hope that the services of thanksgiving, and the cheers for the viceroy that followed, were through fear of his power.

The fickle people were not trusted. That very night the duke brought six hundred horse into the city. Only on the following day the people felt what they had lost. The loaf of bread was eleven ounces lighter. The wind changed again. Once more the cry was heard for Masaniello. His body was sought, and found in a ditch, his head was sewn on, and the sorrow and bewailing denied to him while living was wasted on his corpse. It was carried to the cathedral, where a service for the repose of his soul was performed. Then his body was laid upon a bier, his lifeless head was crowned with a funeral crown, his dead fingers were closed upon a sceptre. A thousand priests gathered and walked before the bier, drums and trumpets played mournful music. So the funeral procession went slowly and solemnly through the city, halting for one moment under the very balcony where Masaniello had stood with the viceroy. Then, by torchlight, they went to the cathedral, and he was buried. He was twenty-four years old: into the last ten days of his existence were crowded the events of a long life.

The insurrection spread all over the kingdom. The French heard of it, and, by way of annoying the King of Spain, sent the people help. When the Neapolitans saw the French fleet sailing into the bay, they danced in the streets for joy. Now they wished not only to cast off the viceroy, but the king also, and money was coined, bearing the arms of "The Royal Republic." But, Masaniello gone, they wanted a leader. Don John of Austria came at the head of the Spanish fleet, and though at first the people would not listen to any terms he proposed, they were frightened when, after some days, he marched into the city and had a wall battered down. He now offered a pardon, with the abolition of all the taxes, and this was received with loud acclamation. So Naples came back to its old obedience, and, the rest of the country following its example, the blaze died down. The only one dissatisfied was the Duke of Arcos, who had abundance of blame for his bad management.

Naples continued under the Spanish rule until the year 1707, after which it was held by the French for twenty-seven years. In 1734 it was recovered by the Spaniards, and after some time Naples and Sicily were divided from Spain, but the kingdom was given to the Spanish king's son. Of its dark state at present we all know.

In the north of Europe there is a small country, like Naples, bordered by the sea, but like it in nothing else. Its climate is foggy and dark, its soil needs constant labour, its people are slow of

thought. Almost at the time when the Normans conquered Naples, they conquered this little country also; but a foreign ruler has never since set his foot in it. Gradually its power has increased. Three hundred years ago the worldly-wise Emperor Charles v declared that it was better to war with all the world than with that country. Wise statesmen have been raised up in it when they were needed; its two revolutions have brought about abiding good. Its people now are the most free on the face of the earth; its power is acknowledged wherever it is named. That country is England. From whence comes it that it differs from the other? Something is due to the firmness of the national character, and an Englishman's love of work. But chiefly is it because, though once the same darkness was here as is still in Naples, by the labours and sufferings of our noble reformers and martyrs the light of God's truth streamed over the land long ago. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be the glory, for thy loving mercy and for thy truth's sake." "It was thy right hand and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance, because thou hadst a favour unto them."

And now a better chance of freedom has come to Naples and Sicily than ever came before; and all England has been stirred by the news. In the midst of our rejoicing over it, there is matter for very earnest consideration. The revolt of Masaniello failed in great part because, having gained liberty, neither he nor his people knew how to use it. Whether this present struggle succeeds any better depends, so it seems to us, upon the free people of England more than upon Garibaldi or any other. When civil tyranny falls in Naples, religious tyranny will fall too. The people will cast their old creed to the moles and to the bats, and if they are offered nothing better in its place, the latter end will be worse than the beginning.

The open Bible makes England what she is, and the knowledge it teaches of "the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent." Now, if ever, can that Bible be sent to Naples and Sicily. The sending it will be the raising of the true standard of freedom; and we can, we ought to send it. "If the Son make them free, they shall be free indeed." Better than all other aid will be "the sword of the Spirit, the word of God." Let us show that we prize our own liberty by putting that sword, which has gained it for us, into the hands of those who are now fighting to be free. More than all, we can send with that sword our prayers. We can pray for the people, and for their wonderful great leader; and in these two things, the very best things that could be done, may we help the people of Naples and Sicily.

#### THE TOURIST IN SCOTLAND.

##### A ROOFLESS PALACE.

It is a misty morning; the carriage windows are wet with steaming small rain, unfavourable for sight-seeing or any commoner species of vision; yet, as we approach Linlithgow, a gleam of the red-

tilled roofs of that quaint old town is perceptible amid the general blur. On a height behind rises



LINLITHGOW PALACE AND LAKE

a square mass of building, dimly defined; but we need no positive outline to declare what it is, and the foggy drapery suits its age and story well.



ST. MICHAEL'S WELL.

We pass over the noble viaduct on the Avon, unconscious that it comprises twenty-five arches, each

king and courtiers, has defiled down this steep descent from the palace gates! Here, for one



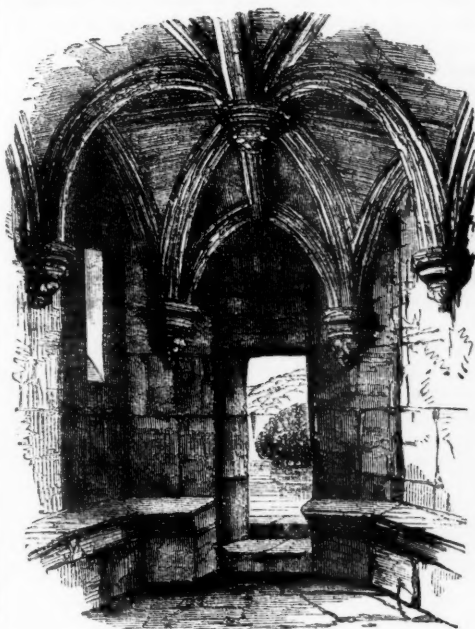
QUEEN MARGARET'S TURRET.

of seventy-five feet perpendicular, and draw up at the railway station, which is fenced about with flower-beds.

What pertinacious rain! The heavens are grey with promise of mist until noon, probably: the station-master has the worst opinion of the weather. Nevertheless, we must see the palace, *coute qui coute*.

Few are stirring in the quiet streets when we descend; drip, drip, falls the rain from spouts and eaves, with a somnolent regularity of plash. We are in a town renowned for its waters; "Glasgow for bells, Lithgow for wells," being items of celebrity embodied in an old rhyme. But the weather is too wet that we should pause for more than a minute at the fountain, surmounted by a grotesque effigy with the legend "Sainte Michael is kind to strangers;" or at the famous Cross-well, opposite the Town-House, which bears over it a curious pile of carved niches and uncouth statues. The water pours profusely from the mouths of the figures into a broad basin encircling them. It is a reproduction of the fountain erected in 1620, when as yet Linlithgow was a royal burgh. Altogether, between floods from the sky and the earth, the old town seems to keep up its reputation creditably.

Somewhere near this was the wooden balcony whence the vengeful Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh took deadly aim with his carabine at the foremost man in the realm, the Regent Murray, as he passed through in regal pomp. How many a gorgeous procession has rung upon the pavement of these sleep-stricken streets! How many a hunting and hawking party of lords and ladies,



QUEEN MARGARET'S BOWER.

winter, resided the stern Edward, the hammer of Scotland, who first built a tower on this site, finding it central for his subjugating designs. Hence spurred James III in haste, foolish boy that he was, to escape from his governor's wholesome tutelage to the tyranny of favourites. Hence rode James IV, in mood not much wiser, to the rout of Flodden, surrounded by a brilliant array of nobles and warriors, soon to be food for the Southron spears. Truly Linlithgow has a great past of which to tell; like the decaying quarter of a capital, the ever-rolling world has left it behind. When in its highest glory, Glasgow was a hamlet on the broomy banks of a shallow stream; and now, a hundred towns such as Linlithgow would not make up the body of that leviathan city.

A deep arch admits us to the inclosure about the palace. In the centre of the gravelled space is a Crimean cannon, fenced round with formidable spear-like palisades, very modern and well-painted, beside the hoariness of the venerable walls. A neat cottage also, swathed in climbing plants, for the keeper who has charge of this royal decrepitude, like a peasant maiden sitting at the feet of a grey discrowned monarch, nestles the little home beneath the great desolate palace. And lo! the mist is already breaking; sketchy glimpses of uplands, of deep lake with swans by a green islet, are seen as we walk round the exterior. The bank slopes much to the water's edge far below. What a massive, solemn-looking building it is! There are few windows; for in the turbulent times of its youth they were inlets of danger as well as of light. Travellers have asserted a strong resem-

blance between it and the Castle of Heidelberg; traceable to the fact that the beautiful and unhappy Elizabeth of Bohemia, sovereign of the Palatinate, spent at Linlithgow the happiest years of her childhood. She wished to reproduce on the Rhine the dear familiar features of her early home.

Returning to the entrance, we see before us the fine church of St. Michael, patron saint of the burgh; as a specimen of Gothic architecture, it is said to be the most perfect north of Tweed, and dates from that indefatigable ecclesiologist, David I. The eastern aisle is still used every Sabbath for Divine service. Here James IV saw the apparition so dwelt upon by the old chroniclers, which warned him against the disastrous Flodden expedition; and the artistic getting up of which does Queen Margaret Tudor considerable credit. It "vanished like a blink of the sun, or a whip of a whirlwind," quoth Sir David Lindsay, the "Lyon-herald." The same Lindsay has celebrated Linlithgow in glowing language as "a palyce of plesance;" and, taking up the strain, a greater than he has written:—

"Of all the palaces so fair,  
Built for the royal dwelling,  
In Scotland, far beyond compare,  
Linlithgow is excelling:  
And in its park, in gential June,  
How sweet the merry linnet's tune,  
How blithe the blackbird's lay!  
The wild buck's bells from thorny brake,  
The coot dives merry on the lake,  
The saddest heart might pleasure take  
To see a scene so gay."

Whatever may have been the case in the days of Marmion, "gay" is the last epithet that could suit the pensive, ponderous pile now.

But here comes the keeper, with his heavy keys; and we pass through the darkness of an arched way to the interior quadrangle. The neatness of a carefully-tended antiquity is visible, where even a crumbling stone is venerated: four little cypresses bloom gloomily at the corners of the sward. In the centre are remains of "the beautifullest fountain in the world," as an old traveller styled it; adorned once with fine statues and carved work, but ruthlessly destroyed by Hawley's dragoons in 1746. Every visitor to Linlithgow owes that vandalic troop a strong debt of hatred. It was their act of wanton barbarism which finally burned the old palace, where they had sheltered from a craven flight after Falkirk—a fitting termination to their campaign.

When Lord Llanover visited Linlithgow, some years since, he was so much struck by the exquisite workmanship of the remaining fragments of this central fountain, that he employed a sculptor to make accurate drawings and measurements of them; and the new fountain in front of Holyrood Palace is a reproduction of the original design, so far as could be ascertained.

What a great silence has fallen upon this place! Our very footsteps seem muffled, as we enter room after room, and gallery after gallery, open to the sky. There is an acre of ruins. Yonder is the gate through which the rustic Binnock brought his innocuous-looking wain of hay, with armed men couched therein, and so took the fortress from the

English in 1307. The keeper repeats the story with relish, though to him its details must be tolerably stale; he is evidently a patriotic Scotsman. Over the grand gate is a niche anciently filled by a statue of Pope Julius II, who won this eminence by presenting to James V a consecrated sword and helmet: the former gift is yet among the regalia in Edinburgh Castle. Other ornamenting, of cornices and pediments, is plentiful enough on the exterior; but the great chambers, where fire has been the destroyer, are bleak and bare.

We ascend steps, and presently enter a long apartment—fifty-three feet from end to end, says the keeper. Roofless like the rest: tender, feathery ferns bend over from the wall-top to look in. And this is the birth-room of Mary, Queen of Scots! The iron hooks, whence hung folds of tapestry, yet retain hold in the walls. Here the child of a week old was saluted monarch, and the plots and intrigues of her troublous life began around her cradle.

A room is shown at a little distance, in the floor of which a trap-door once existed; now a secret flight of steps is visible, leading down to a subterraneous vault. The legend is, that James III hid below, during some *émeute* of his nobles; and while the conspirators searched through the royal apartments, one of the court-ladies had sufficient nerve to sit upon this trap-door, and spin from her distaff, as naturally as if there was not a king's life depending on her self-possession. That woman could have had little of the trembler about her.

Near by is the narrow bed-chamber where slept three generations of Jameses; the four low stone pedestals on which the bed rested are yet sunk in the ground. To the right opens a small oratory, with arched roof yet entire; and hence there was an entrance to the great dining-hall, extending the whole length of the north side of the palace. Nothing remains of it but naked walls; wild plants wave on the partitions of the chambers beneath; a stillness which is almost painful broods over the scene of olden revelry. Were moralizing not so trite as generally to be skipped by the reader, here were a fine theme for it.

Turn to the left, and ascend winding steps, more than a hundred in number, and we emerge upon the battlements of a turret, where a small arched nook has this inscription:—

"J. R.  
His own Queen Margaret,  
Who in Lithgow's bower  
All lonely sat,  
And wept the weary hour."

All her weeping could not reverse Flodden, nor call back her wrongheaded husband from his doom. The mist has lifted off now, and beams of sunlight lie athwart the lands: we can see how fair a prospect the sad lady beheld from her eyrie. Broad level countries, with shining streams winding through villages; a limit of distant purple hills; below, the red roofs of the town beneath blue haze of morning smoke; the glassy lake, shadows of trees lying in it like solidities, so motionless is the water; there is not air enough to lift the trailing smoke or stir the shadows. Hark! one of Nature's

choristers has gone up higher, and from his cloud-haunt is pouring forth the lark's matin hymn; just as he did for the ears of Queen Margaret. One significant feature in the present landscape she saw not: the iron line of rail striking right across country for twenty miles towards Glasgow, past the stalks and furnaces of Falkirk. But she saw armed barons stride where now no foot echoes in the quadrangle save that of the casual visitor, and noted the warder on the summit of the donjon-keep, where now only the bird's wing can attain. It is all very lonely; a wreck of antique splendour, stranded beside that torrent of active life rushing hourly past on the steam-road.

Two sides of the quadrangle remain to be explored; the shells of noble apartments, so ruined that their distinctive characters are hardly discernible. The chapel, built by James V, with its robing-rooms and other ecclesiastical apartments, takes up well-nigh one side: the superb parliament hall stretches one hundred and ten feet on another side. The carving of the vast fire-place, recently restored, is wonderfully beautiful: clusters of stony leafage decorate the shafts dividing the twenty feet breadth into three hearths. The chimneys open upon the air some sixty feet above. Alcoves for statues, long since deposed, adorn the walls; also a gallery whence the queen and her dames might witness the debates of their mailed lords in senate assembled.

The underground apartments are curious. Holes in the thickness of the wall give air to vaults excavated beneath the building. We were willing to take the horrors of the dungeon on trust, so did not do more than glance into its blackness: a blue light shows it off favourably. The kitchens appeared almost as gloomy and insalubrious. From one of the antechambers to the banqueting-hall, a hollow shaft descends through the mason-work, to facilitate orders to the scullions engaged in cooking. What mighty feasts could be prepared at that fire-place, as large as many a genteel parlour. The hosts kept regal cheer, though stinked enough in other requisites to splendour; for I have read that James VI was compelled to borrow silver spoons previous to an entertainment, and wrote a letter to the Earl of Mar requesting a loan of silk stockings to wear before the English ambassador. And thus the powerful lords of Linlithgow were without many articles of comfort and luxury enjoyed by people of moderate incomes in our glorious nineteenth century.

I could fancy living near this grand old palace, and gradually getting to love it and to study it like a friend. The keeper seemed to have an enthusiasm for every crevice. With lingering steps we passed away from its stillness, back to the stirring town, now busy in noon sunshine.

#### BLIND AS A BAT;

OR, HOW MR. VIEWCOURT CAME TO WEAR SPECTACLES.

VANITY takes many shapes in this world of ours, and one of these multifarious forms appears in the particular foible against which the writer now proposes to run a tilt.

There is no small number of persons, both male and female, who, deeming it apparently a matter of more importance how they look than how they see, walk about the world purblind, when, by the simple remedy of using spectacles, they might see nearly if not quite as well as those whom Nature has gifted with more perfect vision. But no—"spectacles don't look well;" "I should be thought an old maid;" or, "I know I don't see quite so well as other people; but I manage to hide it cleverly, and the defect is not discovered." Miserable delusion! And so, for the sake of a trumpery piece of self-conceit, and in order to conceal, as they imagine, a bodily infirmity, they give way to a moral weakness of which, did they look at the matter with the eye of reason, they might well be ashamed.

Our worthy friend Viewcourt—a very sensible fellow in the main—was one of those unfortunate victims of misplaced vanity. We say *was*, for circumstances forced his folly so strongly upon his attention, that at last—what we had long vainly urged him for his own comfort to do—he availed himself of the only remedy for near-sight, and began to wear spectacles; and he has, in consequence, ever since felt himself to be an immeasurably wiser and (as regards vision) better man.

Before adopting this course, our friend Viewcourt was, to use the common phrase, as blind as a bat. When walking along the street, he would one minute bow to Jones, whom he did not know, mistaking him for Robinson, with whom he was very intimate, and the next minute he would pass his own brother! He would go into a room where several people were sitting, winking and peering about with a foolish puzzled air till he got near enough to recognise an acquaintance, unless some one kindly relieved his embarrassment by speaking to him first. At a railway station, it was ten to one but he got into a wrong train; and we have known him whirled off a good many miles further than he intended, because he did not pick up the name of the station in consequence of the peculiar pronunciation of the official who called it out, and could not read it upon the board because he did not use glasses.

If there was anything with regard to the use of spectacles in the street which Viewcourt disliked more than the idea of wearing them himself, it was seeing young ladies "carrying gig-lamps," as he elegantly phrased it; and knowing my good friend's foolish prejudices in these matters, I confess it was with some surprise that one day, after he had been a few months out of town, I met him in Regent Street, not only wearing gold spectacles himself, but in company with a very beautiful and elegantly-dressed young lady with her eyes similarly framed and glazed! This lady he introduced to me as his wife, and, after the usual compliments being passed, he handed her into a shop where she wished to make some purchases, telling her he would return in a quarter of an hour. "And now, my dear fellow," said he, "if you are disposed for a few minutes' turn, I shall be very glad of the opportunity of telling you what I have been about since we parted, and how I got married."

"Yes," said I, "and married in spectacles to another pair of spectacles!"

"Ah!" he said, "I knew you would be down upon me there; but as you see I have come to my senses on that point, your quips and jokes about it are now no longer available."

"Come, come," I interrupted him, "there is no use in being too hard upon yourself, now that you have left off your evil ways, and assumed the proper use of your faculties, previously allowed to lie dormant. But tell me how it came about, for I have some little curiosity upon that point, seeing that all I could ever say to you in the way of advice seemed to fall unheeded to the ground. Is it your lady who has been more successful in putting you right?"

"My story," replied Viewcourt, "is a short one, and I shall endeavour to tell you it as briefly as possible. You remember, when we last parted, I was just about leaving town to visit some old family connections whom I had never had the pleasure of meeting before. Mr. Browne, the paterfamilias, had written to me that he would meet me at Crewe on a certain day, at a certain hour, as he and some members of his family would then be returning from sea-bathing quarters, and expected to be there at that time, so far on their way home. On arriving at Crewe, a jolly-looking old gentleman sang out at the top of his voice, 'Anybody for Mr. Browne here?' and on my announcing myself as some one for that gentleman, I was warmly greeted and welcomed by him. I may here mention that this pleasant old gentleman had nothing very special to distinguish him, in dress or otherwise from other old country gentlemen, if we except the fact that he wore gold spectacles.

"Now, my dear fellow," said he, 'here we are—wife and three daughters in a carriage in that train down there; I've kept the sixth place for you, so we shall travel comfortably together. So get your luggage out, for we start in three minutes. Your train is rather behind time to-day, and we had begun to fear some accident detained you.'

"Well, my portmanteau, etc., being duly transferred, my old friend got me by the arm and hurried me to the door of the carriage; and, with 'My wife and daughters, Mr. Viewcourt,' pushed me in before him, and then took his own seat. Judge of my surprise and—I can't find a word strong enough to express my sensations, so I need not attempt it—when, on looking round the carriage to exchange greetings with the ladies, I made the (to me) appalling discovery that the whole party, mamma and three daughters, each and all of them, as the lawyers say, like their respected head of the house, wore gold spectacles!

"You know I am tolerably imperturbable—exteriorly, at least; but I presume my countenance must have exhibited some symptoms of the mental shock which I had just sustained, for the old gentleman began to smile a little, and said, 'You don't often see a whole family in spectacles, I should think? but you see, as we all need them, we all use them, being above the weak folly of wishing to hide our infirmity, and at the same time abjuring the use of our faculties, as all the

silly people do—and there are lots of them—who are near-sighted, and don't, or won't, wear spectacles.'

"I began now to have a glimmering that I was a fool, and to wish that I had taken your advice, and invested in a pair of spectacles before leaving town. These good folk were sure to find out my blindness very shortly, and what would my newly-found relatives think of me for being so weak as not to use the means of curing an infirmity under which, like me, they themselves laboured, while, unlike me, they had the good sense to apply the only remedy for the evil; and some of them young ladies too! My wits, however, proved sufficient for the emergency, for, with a considerable effort, I bowed, and said, 'No, certainly not. It is not often one meets a whole family wearing spectacles; but such things are frequently hereditary, and'—I then mumbled out something about my own vision being imperfect, and regretted that I, too, had not my spectacles.

"The old gentleman took my evasive apology for an intimation that I had forgotten or lost what I only wished I possessed. 'I'll tell you what we do,' he said. 'We put on our spectacles when we dress in the morning, and don't take them off again till we go to our own apartments at night; and so we run no danger of leaving them behind us, as you have done. But, however, I believe I can help you in your present strait. I found to-day that one of the hinges of those I now wear was getting rather loose; so, in case it should give way, as we don't live near an optician when we are at home, I purchased another pair before leaving, which I have in my pocket now, and they are very much at your service. They are Number 4,' continued he, putting his hand into his pocket, 'which is probably about your concave, and, at all events, will be better than none.'

"I felt very queer. Here was I now apparently compelled, by irresistible fate, to do what a foolish prejudice, and I must add vanity, about personal appearance had hitherto made me look upon with so much distaste. However, there was no help for it, so I accepted, with thanks, the old gentleman's polite offer, and put on the abhorred articles with feelings of a very peculiar kind. I almost thought I was in a dream, sitting in an imaginary railway carriage with five other imaginary personages, and four of them ladies, and all of us wearing spectacles. However, I soon recovered my wits, and, to my surprise, found, on looking out of the window, that I now, in the literal sense of the phrase, for the first time in my life, really *saw*. Objects previously, as it were, in a mist were now beheld with a startling distinctness of outline, and I could discern scenery, even at a distance, of whose existence, had I not been using glasses, I should have of course remained in ignorance, or 'seen as if I saw it not.'

"In short," Viewcourt went on to say, "I was brought to my senses in this very comical way, and before the day was done I blessed the man who invented lenses, and the application of them in the way of spectacles; and I now consider the man or woman who is near-sighted, and does not always

wear spectacles, to be as foolish as one who purposely obscured his vision, and only took away the obstruction sometimes during the day; which is equivalent to the occasional use of spectacles by those who require them constantly."

"Bravo, Viewcourt!" cried the writer; "you have changed your ideas with a witness, and I quite agree with you. But as there are, to my certain knowledge, a good many people in the world who ought to wear spectacles to enable them to see what is going on around them, but for some reason—probably from false shame—still abstain, as you did, from applying the only remedy for their infirmity, and who may be the better of hearing your experiences upon the subject, will you allow me to make your narrative public, for the benefit of all whom it may concern?"

"Most certainly," said Viewcourt, "with the greatest pleasure; and mention my name too."

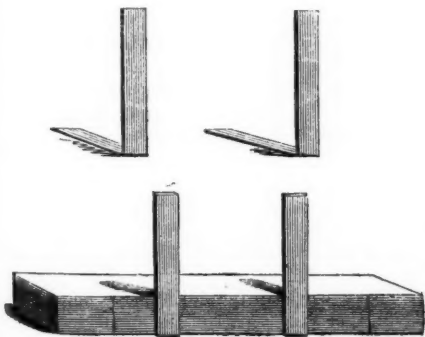
I have done so: and that is how Viewcourt came to wear spectacles.

## EVERY MAN HIS OWN BOOKBINDER.

### III.—HOW TO BIND A BOOK WITHOUT TOOLS.

Nor without implements to work with, of course, but without any of those tools which are the exclusive property of the professional bookbinder. All that need be provided is a little melted glue, some paste, a needle and stout thread, some white and some coloured papers, and other trifling items which will be mentioned as we proceed.

Having arranged the sheets to be bound in their proper order, and beaten them even at the back and head, subject them to as heavy a pressure as you can between two flat surfaces, by piling weights upon them. If there is a linen-press in the house, press them in that, so as to make them lie as close as possible. Now take two pieces of tape half an inch wide, and each two inches longer than the width of the back of the book. Stiffen the tape by drawing it through paste, and let it dry with as little of the paste adhering to it as possible, before using. Fold the pieces of stiff tape in the form here given,



and place the sheets within them in such a position that the two tapes will divide the length of the back into three equal parts, or thereabouts.

Now with a lead pencil, while the sheets are pressed down firmly with the left hand, draw a line down each side of the tapes, and two other lines each one dividing that part of the back outside the tapes into equal portions. These lines, marking the place for the entrance of the needle, will serve to guide the beginner, who may dispense with them after one or two essays. The sheets of the book are now to be sewn on to the tapes precisely in the same way as directed in paper No. 1, where the book is sewn on to the cords; the substitution of tapes makes no difference in the process, but with tapes it is not quite so easy, as during the sewing of the first two or three sheets there is some difficulty in keeping the tapes in their places; and inasmuch as there are no cuts or grooves made with the saw, some force is required to get the needle through the paper. When the book is sewn, the threads fastening each sheet are seen outside the tapes. The back must now receive a coating of glue, not too thin, after which it may be left to dry. The glue being hard and set, the book may now be cut on the edges, if the operator is skilful enough to do that cleverly with a straight-edge and a sharp knife. With a thin volume the feat is easy enough, but with anything approaching an inch in thickness it may as well not be attempted. It will be better in such a case to clip any projecting leaves with the shears, and to be content with uncut edges.

The back must next be rounded with the hammer, an operation which may be helped by pulling gently at the tapes while tapping with the tool. As it is impossible to give the book a regular backing without a press to screw it in, that operation must be dispensed with.

For the covers use the thinnest millboard, or stout pasteboard not thicker than a shilling. Cut two pieces of this of the proper size, so that they shall project about the eighth of an inch over the head, foot, and fore-edge of the book, and glue them in their proper position on the projecting tapes, which will adhere to their inner sides. Over the tapes glue strips of coarse canvas an inch wide by six in length, and now glue on the open back in the manner directed in the previous paper. When all this glueing is dry, the volume may be covered with any material that may be preferred—paper, cloth, leather, or vellum—only, if vellum is used, that must be lined first with clean white paper firmly pasted on it. A cheap and handsome covering is dark roan leather; a still cheaper is coloured canvas; but preferable to that are perhaps the leather-papers lately introduced and sold by the London stationers. The mode of pasting on the covers has been already described; but we should add that, if cloth coverings are used, glue and not paste will be necessary to make them adhere.

If the novice finds it difficult to cover books with cloth in the way referred to, he may adopt another method. Instead of glueing the tapes to the boards, as above directed, before covering, let him cut a cloth cover large enough to allow for overlapping, and, allowing for the width of the back, let him glue the covers on the cloth parallel with each other, and turn in the cloth round the

edges; he will thus have prepared a cover ready to receive the volume. When this is dry, the book may be placed in the cloth cover, the tapes glued to the inner sides, the open back to the back of cloth, the strengthening canvas also being glued over the tapes; and finally, the end-papers being pasted down, the volume is finished. It will look but a homely affair, it is true; but it will cost little beyond the trouble, and it will effectually preserve the volume, which might else be wasted. For many volumes published in numbers, the publishers supply covers at the end of the year: these may be securely fastened on by this simple method, and in that case the volume will be splendid in golden ornaments.

This mode of sewing books on tapes has of late years been adopted by the best London binders for cloth-bound volumes. It is not, however, exactly a new invention, but a modification of an old one. There lies before us at this moment a volume of an *Elzevir* classic, printed in 1645, and bound, as we can tell by the "setting-off" of the print, in the same year, before the ink was dry. This volume is sewn on bands of parchments, similar to the tapes above recommended, and is fastened to its covers in a similar way, save that the bands, besides being glued, are passed through slits cut in the boards to receive them. There is also a peculiarity about the sewing—the needle bearing the thread, after entering at the catch-stitch, instead of coming out on the right-hand side of the band, comes out on its left-hand side, and enters again on the right before passing on to the next band, where it does the same; thus the thread encircles and embraces both bands, by which more than double strength is obtained, and even though the thread should break after the book is bound, the sheet does not come loose, as it invariably does in modern-bound books. Again, the head-band, which is still handsome and regular in the braid, after two hundred years' use, is not worked on the book itself, but was woven on some separate machine contrived for the purpose, and is securely fastened under the penthouse covering of the hollow back, with which it retires when the book is opened, and consequently is not subject to strain or fracture by sudden opening. These things are worth noticing, and the amateur may derive valuable hints from them when he has mastered the rudiments of the art.

In conclusion, we would recommend our friends not to be discouraged by the failure of a first attempt, but to persevere until they can put a couple of dozen volumes into neat covers in the leisure evenings of a single week—as they may easily do with method and practice. They will do well to be mindful of the old axiom, *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*, and make their first essays in binding on books of little or no value, or on blank sheets, which may serve for memorandum books in which they may record their experience.

#### A TALE OF DARTMOOR.

MANY parishes may, no doubt, be found whose populations exceed that of Lydford; but, compris-

ing as it does a vast portion of the great waste of Dartmoor, it will be found to occupy a wider expanse of territory than any other parish in England. To meet the exigencies of the increasing population of the thriving little colony of Prince Town, renowned for its Convict Prison and Duchy Hotel, a district church was some years ago built and consecrated. The legitimate residents, such as prison officials and others, and temporary visitors to the moor, have now an opportunity of attending Divine service at the expense of a walk of a few minutes over an excellent road, instead of, as in days of yore, wandering to Lydford Church, subject to the fierce assaults of a Dartmoor storm. Inclemency of weather as an excuse for absence from church can scarcely be urged now with any show of reason; and sanguine indeed must that person be who can hope that such an excuse shall prove satisfactory either to his fellow-man or to his own conscience. Convinced myself of its inefficacy, notwithstanding the morning was anything but an auspicious one, and having to walk from the outskirts of Prince Town, I once attended Divine service at the little church of the district. There was nothing in the interior deserving particular notice, except a small tablet placed immediately over the pew in which I was kindly accommodated with a seat. This tablet, however, struck me as being peculiarly worthy of consideration, though unimposing and very far from ornamental. It bore an inscription which I entered in my notebook, and which was as follows:—

"Sacred to the memory of Corporal Joseph Penton, 20, and Privates Patrick Carlien, 23, and George Driver, 27, of the 7th Royal Fusiliers, who lost their lives in a snow-storm on the neighbouring moor, Feb. 12, 1853, when in the execution of their duty.

"This tablet is erected in token of admiration of their conduct as soldiers in braving the danger in preference to disobeying orders, by their commanding officer, Lieutenant-Col. Lacy Yea, of the 7th Royal Fusiliers."

It appears that in the year 1853 the 7th Fusiliers were stationed at Plymouth, a *dépôt* being in barracks at Prince Town, and on duty at the convict prison. The colonel, Lacy Yea, had occasion for the services of those poor fellows whose names the tablet records, on business of an urgent and, as it proved, of a perilous nature. The men set out from Plymouth for Prince Town with the commands of their colonel, and progressed in safety, though with considerable difficulty, from the great quantity of snow which had recently fallen, to within less than a mile of their destination. They had to descend a very steep but short hill, at the bottom of which was a small brook, and to ascend an equally abrupt though much longer hill to Prince Town.

So heavy had been the fall of snow, and so great the drift, that at this part of their journey the road had become quite hidden from sight, and was undistinguishable from the moor beyond. The slightest deviation, therefore, would be attended with considerable danger, from the precipitous nature of the ground. Still, so high was the

sense they had of duty to their officer and to the service, that those gallant fellows struggled on, preferring to brave death rather than to disobey orders. Almost in view of the goal they desired to win, little thinking, poor fellows, that the snow would be to them their "winding-sheet," they lost their path, and, after ineffectual attempts again to recover it, perished miserably in that snow-choked glen. I have often crossed that little valley since then, in pursuit of "lusty trout" or timid snipe, and then my mind never failed to wander back to those poor men and to their sad fate.

Their colonel was a gallant fellow, too, and fit to be the commander of such men. He and his regiment were sent afterwards to the Crimea, and were distinguished for gallant deeds and general efficiency. There was a mutual feeling of respect between man and officer, and every soldier in that regiment loved his colonel. Such a state of things, so creditable to both parties, could not but be productive of good results. The "Historian of the War" informs us, in his graphic manner, that poor Yea was shot during the disastrous attack upon the Redan. Speaking of that officer, he says: "The gallant old soldier, by voice and gesture, tried to form and compose his men, but the thunder of the enemy's guns close at hand, and the gloom of early dawn, frustrated his efforts; and as he rushed along the troubled mass of troops which were herding together under the rush of grape, and endeavoured to get them into order for a rush at the batteries, which was better than standing still or retreating in a panic, a charge of the deadly missile passed, and the noble soldier fell dead in advance of his men, struck at once in head and stomach by grape-shot."

"I saw," says Mr. Russell, "in one place, two of our men apart from the rest with melancholy faces. 'What are you waiting here for?' said I. 'To go out for the colonel, sir,' was the reply. 'What colonel?' 'Why, Colonel Yea, to be sure, sir,' said the good fellow, who was evidently surprised at my thinking there could be any other colonel in the world. And, indeed, the light division will feel his loss. Under occasional brusqueness of manner he concealed a most kind heart, and a more thorough soldier; one more devoted to his men, to the service, and to his country, never fell in battle than Lacy Yea. I have reason to know he felt his great services and his arduous exertions had not been rewarded as he had a right to expect. At the Alma he never went back a step, and there were tears in his eyes on that eventful afternoon as he exclaimed to me, when the men had formed on the slope of the hill after the retreat of the enemy, 'There! look there! that's all that remains of my poor Fusiliers! A colour's missing, but, thank God, no Russians have it.' Throughout the winter his attention to his regiment was exemplary. They were the first who had hospital huts. When other regiments were in need of every comfort and almost of every necessary, the Fusiliers, by the care of their colonel, had everything that could be procured by exertion and foresight. He never missed a turn of duty in the trenches, except for a short time, when his medical attendant had to use every effort to

induce him to go on board ship and save his life. At Inkermann his gallantry was conspicuous. . . . Colonel Yea's body was found near the abattis on the right of the Redan; his boots and epaulettes were gone, but otherwise his clothing was untouched. His head was greatly swollen, and his features—and a fine manly face it had been—were nearly undistinguishable."

It is particularly gratifying to learn, on positive and undeniable testimony, that the colonel of such men as those whose melancholy fate on that dismal moor the tablet in the Prince Town Church records, was such a truly gallant and good man. It is not often that the exploits of Jones, Brown, and Robinson, are chronicled in print. Still less does it happen that the good deeds of such men are acknowledged by those set in authority over them—at least the acknowledgment they merit. Many a humble soldier, through the instrumentality of Mr. Russell during "the war," had his claims laid before the public in the first of newspapers. Experience has proved how dear to the soldier's heart are the praise and acknowledgment of his services by those under whom he serves. Soldiers, as in this instance, have often to maintain a struggle with foes even more terrible than stubborn and barbarous enemies; and if they fall as those fell, in the execution of a stern duty, they are as deserving of praise and remembrance, and have shown as great a contempt of death and love of country and of honour, as those who have fallen in the excitement of battle, or have perished in mid career of victory. Sculptors, however, are not numerous who care to score the names—fame does not adorn with greenest laurel the brows—of men so humble; and their magnanimity is too often attested by the Great Witness alone.

There was not much in the little tablet; it was not an elaborate work of art; it was not expensive; it was even rude and unsightly; but it served to strike a chord in the heart of every soldier of the gallant 7th; it told, in simple and unexaggerating language, its own unvarnished tale; and it commemorates an action, than which I cannot call to mind one more conspicuously gallant and melancholy, or one more gracefully and unobtrusively acknowledged.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON AT THE UNIVERSITY.—I am quite willing that you should sit for the scholarship, on the express condition of not over-reading, of not sitting up later than ten or eleven o'clock, of not neglecting your exercise, and of not going on a day longer if your health should begin to fail. My object is invariably the same—to make you a pious, useful, upright, humble servant of God. Learning is merely furniture—means—an appendage—a qualification. The end of life is to serve God, to save the soul, to do good in our generation, and to be prepared for heaven. The union of diligence and humility—this is what I would aim at myself, and impress on others, and especially on those whom I love best—my children. —*Life of Bishop Wilson of Calcutta.*

## VARIETIES.

**INFLUENCE OF THE SUN ON TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM.**—On the 1st of September, 1859, at 11h. 18m. A.M., a distinguished astronomer, Mr. Carrington, had directed his telescope to the sun, and was engaged in observing his spots, when suddenly two intensely luminous bodies burst into view on its surface. They moved side by side through a space of about 35,000 miles, first increasing in brightness, then fading away; in five minutes they had vanished. They did not alter the shape of a group of large black spots which lay directly in their paths. Momentary as this remarkable phenomena was, it was fortunately witnessed and confirmed, as to one of the bright lights, by another observer, Mr. Hodgson, at Highgate, who, by a happy coincidence, had also his telescope directed to the great luminary at the same instant. It may be, therefore, that these two gentlemen have actually witnessed the process of feeding the sun, by the fall of meteoric matter; but, however this may be, it is a remarkable circumstance that the observations at Kew show that on the very day, and at the very hour and minute of this unexpected and curious phenomenon, a moderate but marked magnetic disturbance took place; and a storm or great disturbance of the magnetic elements occurred four hours after midnight, extending to the southern hemisphere. Thus is exhibited a seeming connexion between magnetic phenomena and certain actions taking place on the sun's disc—a connexion which the observations of Schwabe, compared with the magnetical records of our Colonial Observatories, had already rendered nearly certain.—*Lord Wrottesley's Address at the British Association at Oxford.*

**QUEEN CAROLINE OF NAPLES.**—"On the 7th of September she died suddenly in the imperial castle of Hetzendorf, where, after a short stay at Schönbrunn, her residence had been assigned. The excitement of her position, and the fatigues of her journey, were too much for her nervous system, shattered by the use of opium, and preyed on by the guilty memories of her life. During her visit to Schönbrunn, her attendants, or even her visitors, were often startled by sudden cries of terror, or amazed by wild words which she addressed to some mysterious intruder, whom her scared imagination conjured up. In the corridors of the palace, spectres, invisible to others, beckoned her as she passed. On its long straight gravel walks, and under the shelter of the hedges of its old-fashioned gardens, the voices of unseen messengers summoned her by name. Probably, in the midst of terrors like these her spirit passed away. Her attendants found her dead in her chair, her mouth wide open, as if in the attempt to call for assistance, and her hand extended towards the bell-rope, which she had not strength to reach. Her death was attributed to the rage into which she was thrown on hearing, on the last evening of her existence, that the Russian emperor had declared that the events of 1799 made it impossible ever to restore to Naples its 'butcher king.'—*History of Italy, by Isaac Butt, M.P.*

**MATERIALS FOR PAPERMAKING.**—Papermaking demands a supply of rags, and the Continental duties at present curtail that supply. England requires at least 120,000 tons yearly, of which she supplies but 40,000. The question is, can that home supply be enlarged? I am confident that it can, and to an extent more than adequate to all its demands. The collection of rags has hitherto been by a small traffic in the hands of petty dealers; and the general carelessness of collection and the lowness of price have equally diminished the quantity. It has been ascertained that in scarcely 50 houses out of every 100 is any collection ever made. This negligence arises partly from mistakes as to the nature, value, and manner of the due collection. It has been commonly supposed that white rags alone are of use in papermaking. But coloured rags generally are useful, and even waste paper

can be valuably employed in the manufacture. Every housekeeper ought to have three bags—a white one for the white rags, a green one for the coloured, and a black one for the waste paper (the three might be furnished for 1s.), which would prevent litter, waste, and the trouble of collecting when the demand came. A suitable agency formed in the towns and villages would settle all demands, arrange the contributions, and reduce the whole into a regular trade. Parochial officers would find attention to this subject a very effectual mode of increasing the means at their disposal for charitable purposes. The general apprehension that we require French or foreign rags for our manufacture is a mistake; we have a sufficient supply at home, if we will but make use of it. There are more rags wasted, burnt, or left to rot, than would make our paper manufacturers independent of all assistance from abroad.—*Letter of Mr. Herring, in the "Times."*

**FACTORY CHILDREN.**—Mr. L. Horner, who was one of the original inspectors of factories, and who resigned office last year, states in his final report, made up to November last: "I am persuaded that in no way can the children of the operative classes be placed in more favourable circumstances than while working in a well-regulated factory under the conditions of the existing law. Their half-day's employment can do no injury to their health, they are exposed to no undue exertions, and they are sheltered from the weather in a dry and warm room—a great contrast to what most of them would otherwise be exposed to; if the school to which they are sent daily for three hours be a reasonably good one, they get the advantage of some education, and in many of the schools they obtain the lasting benefit of most effective teaching. When they are in the mill they acquire regular and industrious habits, and by the work they are set to and by what they see around them their wits are sharpened, and they earn wages that must go a good way towards their maintenance."

**FUSELI AMONG HIS PUPILS.**—He would take any vacant place among the students, and sit reading nearly the whole time he stayed with us. I believe he was right. For those students who are born with powers that will make them eminent, it is sufficient to place fine works of Art before them. They do not want instruction, and those that do are not worth it. Art may be learnt, but can't be taught. Under Fuseli's wise neglect, Wilkie, Mulready, Etty, Landseer, and Haydon distinguished themselves, and were the better for not being made all alike by teaching, if indeed that could have been done.—*Leslie's "Autobiographical Recollections."*

**A LESSON IN CHINESE.**—The teacher comes in clothed in a long white gown, bareheaded, his cue hanging down his back nearly to his heels, and his long white stockings tied over his trowsers below the knee. He bows obsequiously, and I motion him to a seat by the table. Thus far we have progressed finely; but now comes the tug of war. For a few minutes we sit eyeing each other. I make the first demonstration by writing some word in Chinese, which I have somewhere picked up. He pronounces it, and I pronounce it after him. This goes badly. I touch my head, and flourish it towards him. He stares at me, not knowing but I am mad. At length the poor man sees what I am at. I want the Chinese word for *head*, and he pronounces it. I cheer him, and write it down, and flourish for him to write the Chinese; he takes the little brush pencil and writes it, and I imitate him. I next touch my nose, and the same process is gone through with; and so on with various things. Now and then I pick up a Chinese word. I make what use I can of books, and so creep along, à la baby.—*The "China Mission," by Dr. Dean, of New York.*

Riches have made more men covetous than covetousness hath made men rich.